

T E N
P O E T I C A L
Love-Stories:

V I Z.

PLUTO and PROSERPINA.
LEUCOTHOE and PHÆBUS.
ANDROMEDA and PERSEUS.
VENUS and ADONIS.
CYNTHIA and ENDIMION.
ACHILLES and DEIDAMIA.
APOLLO and DAPHNE.
ARETHUSA and ALPHEUS.
HIPPOMANES and ATTALANTA.
PROMETHEUS.

Essay'd by a Lover of the Muses.

LONDON, and KINGS.

Printed for *Tho. Simmons*, at the Sign of the *Princes Arms* in
Ludgate-street. MDCLXXXIV.

POETICAL
TEN

Love-Stories:

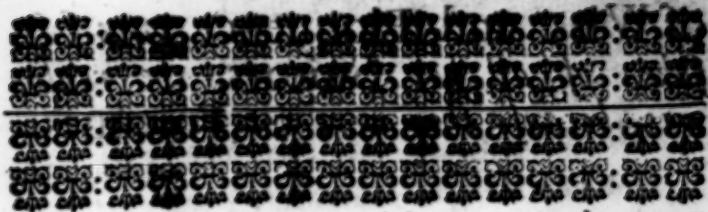
VIZ

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By the Author of the *Idylls*.

LONDON.

Printed by The Standard, at the Sign of the Prince of Wales, in the Strand.
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P R E F A C E

T O T H E

R E A D E R.

Courteous Reader,

WHEN Jupiters Daughters were Married to the Gods (the Muses alone) were left solitary. Heli-con, that was the Principal Fountain, and Stream, from whence flow'd Rivers
A of

The Preface.

of Wit, and Eloquence, was forsaken of all her Suitors, the reason was, because they were not Fortunes.

*Calliope longum Cælebs tur vixit in evum ?
Nempe nihil Dotis quod numeraret, erat.*

*Why did Calliope live long a Maid ?
Because she had no Portion to be paid.*

Many came to see Psyche the Glory of her Time, they all did commend, and admire her, (but no otherwise then as some Curious Picture) none would Marry her, Psyche was Fair, (exceeding Fair,) but not Rich ; (so kindly is Beauty and Wit, treated by the obliging World.)

In all Ages there have been Complaints of the ill success that Writers have had, (to evence the Truth of which) I could bring in such a Recruit, such a Regiment of Mouldy

The P reface.

Mouldy Authors, *that were sufficient to scare, and frighten us; Authors that have not seen the Comfortable-Light, since Norman-Spiders came in with the Conquerour, but will you bear what Cowley says?*

—————To me alone
One of old Gideon's Miracles was shown.
For every Tree, and every Herb, around }
With Pearly-Dew, is sometimes Crown'd, }
And upon all the Quickning-Ground }
The Fruitful-Seed of Heav'n did Brooding lie,
And nothing but the Muses-Fleece was dry.

Cleanthes *pull'd of his Philosophers Gown, and put on a Miller's Coat; he thought (it seems) any course of Life better then to follow Philosophy, and Study, that had such little Encouragement, and such mighty Labour, for*

*Ardua via est, & quæ vix mane recentes
Enituntur equi, Pirois, Eois, & Aithon.*

The Preface.

Invitatus ad hec aliquis de Ponte negabit.

The meanest Vassal, if he knew the inconvenience, had cause to refuse it.

Notwithstanding, since we have entred upon Poetry, it is convenient that there be something spoken in the praise of it, which I shall do very briefly. Poetry is of most excellent use, 'tis a great Refiner of Language, and a great help to Wit, where Fancy, like the Sun-shine, plays upon the Waters: it is a Garden of Pleasant Flowers, and Flourishing-Fruit. And

Who that has Reason, and his Smell,
Would not with Roses, and with Tulips dwell?

*It is as Powerful as an Alchymist,
'tis able to Turn the Dullest-Earthy
P role*

The Preface.

Prose into Glittering Gold.

An Ingenious Painter, that Portraied Medea Killing her own Child (made very strangely) two contrary Affections appear in her Face, for in the one side, he expressed extream-Fury, which bid her Kill, and on the other side, Motherly-Love, Kindness, and Pity, which bid her not Kill; In like manner, two such contrary Affections, can by this Art be Painted forth.

But Poets like Silk-Worms, must Spin their thoughts (with Toil, and Care) into the finest Threds, (that they may please all) before they venture to take Wings, and soar abroad: like Caufin's Smith, they must Sweat, and Labour, and be try'd in the Fire of the Schools, before their Plates (their Works) can Shine on the Cupboard of the Prince. Now

Quid

The P reface.

Quid tantum infanis juvat impallescere Chartis?

To what end is this?

Dat Gallenes Opes, dat *Justinianus* Honores,
Sed Genus, & species cogitur ire pedes.

*The Rich Physitian's, Honour'd—Lawyers Ride,
While the Poor Schollar foots it by their side.*

*When Learning was young (while
she lay yet in her Cradle) they brought her
Presents from all parts of the Earth, but
after she grew Ripe, and they had her
Beauties in possession, and rifled her
of all her P recious Jewels, they were
soon satisfied with her Love; But now they
are so much Cloyed, and Glutted, they
begin to find fault, and complain, that her
Face (like Amphitrites) appears full
of Wrincles.—Thus did the foolish Sol-
diers of Rome, they Rebell'd against
their Emperor Otho, because he was old.*

The

The Preface.

*The Truth is, there are so many Paper
Bullets of the Brain, that continually
Fly, and Whize, about the Ears of Au-
thors, that the Wiser sort of Men lock up
their Conceits in the Closets of their
own Noddles, and will not venture them
abroad, for fear of (Bellua multorum
Capitum) the many headed Monster, for
fear of a Ho-bub, and for fear they
should walk (like Sir Acteon the Cuck-
old) with Ringwood at their Heels,
and for fear of Sejanus his Fate, whom
that very Day the Senate conducted with
Honour, the People tore in pieces with
Fury; and he, whom the Gods and
Men had once, loaded with as many Ho-
nours, as possibly could be heapt on him,
had not a Mammock left for the Hang-
man to fasten his Hook in.*

Farewell.

Pluto & Proserpina.

THE ARGUMENT.

Proserpina the Daughter of Jupiter; and Ceres was stole away by Pluto, as she was gathering Flowers; Ceres (her Mother) sought for her, and hearing she was in Hell, went thither, got her Daughter releas'd, and obtain'd of Jupiter, that she might have her six moneths, and the other six she was to remain with Pluto.

THERE is a Grove cloath'd in eternal
green,
Where all the Glories of the Spring are
seen.

Where the Ground smiles with Starry-flowers, and
where

The fairest Scions flourish all the year.

B

VVhere

Where *Nightingales* upon the bending *Sprais*,
 To solitary Lovers chaint their Laies.
 At break of Day in a Melodious Song,
 They teach the *Gamut* to their tender Young,
 And warbling out their Lesson (turn by turn,)
 Sweetly they Sing, and Court the modest Morn.
 Their Divine Notes in a Responce meet,
 Like to the fall of Waters, soft and sweet.
 When they in murmurs to the Wind do Call,
 The gentle Wind in Whispers answering all.
 Here Longing Beauties blushing Fruit may reach,
 The *Downy-Quince*, *Gilt-Orange*, *Velvet-Peach*.
 Here grew the *Purple*, kind Embracing Vine, }
 Courting the Eye to taste its luscious Wine, }
 Whose tender Boughs unto the Hand incline. }
 Some like the *Ruby*, laughing sweetly Red.
 Some like the *Emerald* not yet Ripened.
 And some in lovely shining Colours drest,
 Like Burnisht Gold to beautify the rest.
 Here *Mulburies*, and *Musky-Apples* hung,
 There *Cinamon*, and other Spices sprung.
 Here weeps the Balsome, there the Tree, from
 whence
Arabians fetcht Perfuming *Frankensense*.
 Here *Spikenard*, *Mirrh*, there *Mirtle* we behold,
 Here *Cullumbine*, and there the *Marygold*.

Here

Here the pale *Lillie*, Lady of the Field,
 There *Jessamine* refreshing Sweets doth yield.
 Here the *Carnations*, and the *Roses* grew,
 There blew-Ey'd *Violets* (of a Heavenly hew.)
 VVith all the Ornaments of *Flora's* Pride
 Appearing like some stately Pompious Bride.
 That does in spight of Niggard-Natures scorn,
 Most Lavishly her lovely Limbs adorn.
 And in the midst of all a Fountain stood
 So pure and shiny, that the Silver Flood
 Intic'd the Sun-burnt *Pilgrim* to his seat,
 VVhose cooling Streams refresht his thirsty heat.
 VVhile creeping Slumbers made him forget
 All his past weariness, and toilsome sweat.
 Here was a work of admirable VVit,
 The Antick Story of *Medea* writ
 Her Magick Charms, her furious loving Fit. }
 About her Twining-Ivy *Irid* to Creep, }
 Dipping its Leaves in the fair Silver-Deep, }
 VVhose Drops did seem for wantonness to weep. }
 The fair *Proserpina* came here to see
 The Gaudy Spring in all its Bravery.
 In yonder Bank sweet *Eglantine* she pulls,
 And here and there Enamell'd *Tulips* culls.
 This Beauty was in every part Divine,
 In her bright Eyes, two living Lamps did shine.

But from those Lamps consuming flames did pass,
 As Radiant Beams pierce through a Burning-glass.
 Her Ivory Fore-head like a Tower, stood high,
 And bore a sweet, yet lofty Majesty.
 Between her ev'n Brows, Great *Cupid* sat
 VWorking *Belgards*, and making a Retreat.
 Her soft white Bosome as with Curtains drawn,
 VWas covered with transparent Cobweb-Lawn.
 Her Robe Skie-colour'd Silk, with a Rich Cawl
 Of Golden-twist, like Net-work over All. (pale,
 VWhen she appear'd, the Flowers lookt strangely
 Her Beauty made the Beauteous Morning Scale.
 She lookt like some bright Angel, when our Eyes
 Fall back to gaze, while he ascends the Skies.
 While the VVing'd-Messenger (the Heavenly fair)
 Bestrides the Clouds, and Sails upon the Air.
Pluto this Beauty in his Arms doth take,
 And hurries with her to the *Stigian-Lake*.
 The Bird that knows not the false *Fowler's* Call,
 Into his Net unhappily may Fall.
 Near to the Grove his Chariot ready stood,
 VWith Coal-black Steeds, Born of a Hellish Brood.
 Who proudly shake their Mains, yerk out their Heels,
 Butt at the VVind, and beat the humble Fields.
 These to the Gulph of deep *Avernus* pace,
 VWhere Smoke and Sulphur cover all the place.

So

So if some fair new Vessel shew her Pride,
 Her Flags and Streamers to the swelling Tide,
 She that was for some Admiral design'd,
 Some Noble *Heroe*, Youthful, Fair and Kind,
 Is snatcht and ruffled by the Strumpet Wind.
 Sees her beloved Man of War no more,
 Nor any Hav'n, nor the Green-watcher Shoar,
 But carried where the dismal Waters Roar,
 Must all her Honour, and her Beauties loose,
 And lie with the old wrinkled Treacherous Ooze,
 Instead of pleasant Fountains, Flowers, and Trees,
 Nothing but howling Fiends, and Ghosts, she sees,
 Chattering their Iron Teeth, and staring wide,
 Making sad Groans, Eccho on every side.
 The Direful Distaff here was plac'd by Fate,
 To measure out to each his outmost Date.
 The Fatal Sisters sitting round about,
 With their unwearied Fingers drawing out
 The Lines of Life, and by their Magick Spell,
 Taking a Prospect of Man's Cittadel.
 The Sacred Thred which doth the Soul detain,
 By grisly *Lachesis* is spun in pain,
 Sad *Clotho* holds the Rock, while the keen Knife
 Of *Atropos*, cutteth the Twist of Life.
 Here all about the dismal gloomy Place,
 Limn'd to the Life, was *Disobedience Face*.

VVith

VVith Ragged Monuments of Time fore-past,
 Here were rent *Robes*, and broken *Scepters* plac'd,
 Altars defil'd, and Holy Things defac'd.
 Large Pillars all bedect with Titles Vain,
 Which Princes wore while they on Earth did Reign.
 Here were some signs of Antick *Babylon*,
 Of Fatal *Thebes*, of *Rome*, that Reigned long,
 Of Sacred *Salem*, and sad *Ilion*.
 Lamenting Sorrow, did in Darknes lie,
 And Trembling Fear, still to and fro did fly.
 In Sable Weeds, sat *self-consuming-Care*
 VVith *gnashing Misery*, and *mad Despair*.
 Now while the astonisht Maid, with Complaints and
 Doth Importune the listning Deities, (Cries,
 And makes the Molten Stars to drop like Eyes.
Ceres had fought among the shady Bowers,
 And little *Rivolets* Fring'd with sweet Flowers.
 For her lost Darling, like some careful Doe,
 That wandring round the VVildernefs doth go;
 Till she her tender straying Kid hath found,
 Fearing some Briars its Velvet skin may wound.
 She Climbs the Mountains, where the Golden
 Mine,
 And all the sparkling, costly Jewels Shine;
 But coming back to some Remoter Strand,
 Mourning and VVeeping, on the Pearly Sand.

She

She learns the News, and strait away doth go
 To tell the Gods the Story of her VVoe.
 On Airy VVings she mounted up on High,
 And coming to the Starry Gallery
 Where *Jupiter* with Hallowed Light doth Shine,
 She there relates the Rape of *Proserpine*.
 Who is by the Decree of Sacred Heav'n,
 Six Months to her, and Six to *Pluto* giv'n.

LEUCOTHOE and PHÆBUS.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Leucothoe was the Daughter of Orcha-
 mus; who being beloved by Phœbus, was
 by her Buried alive in the Ground, whereupon
 the Poets feign that Phœbus pitying, turn-
 ed her in a Tree of Frankinsence.*

When first *Aurora* in her Purple Pall, (Call
 Out of the Dawning-East the Day doth
 Behold the Suns swift Horses from a far,
 Mark how they Post with the Triumphant Car.
 Behold

Behold the Chariot which the Gods Admire!
 'Twas wrought in *Lemno* with unquenched Fire.
 The Seat which doth the Years Great Ruler hold,
 Is rough with Rubies, stiff with beaten Gold.
 For *Mulciber* from a Remoter Shoar,
 Brought Oriental Gems, and *Indian* Oar.
 The Sky-like *Jasper*, Purple *Amethyst*,
 And fiery Carbuncles, which the Flames resist.
 The *Sapphire*, *Beril*, *Ophir*, *Chrysolite*,
 And costly Diamonds, scattered Heavenly Light.
 The Jewels like so many Lamps appear,
 And Dart their Streamers to the Gloomy Air,
 Like *Argus's* Eyes they lookt forth every where.
 Behold the Sun with Wreaths of Stars that grace,
 And Circle evermore his Beamy-Face.
 Not *Ariadne's* Crown, doth shine so clear,
 Nor the bright Pole-Star of the Hemisphere.
 Nor fair *Latona's* Daughter with her Train,
 Nor the great Waggoner of *Charles's* Wain,
 That guides the Saylor's in the Watery Main,
 Look so Divine; Those only gild the Night,
 And so give place to his more Glorious Light.
 Like Vassalage, when unawares the Eye
 Encounters that of brighter Majesty.
 His Shining Eyes look like two Seraphins,
 When they with joy display their Hallowed Wings.
 Like

Like to *Eridanus* his Beauties show,
 (*Eridanus* the pleasant-River—*Po.*)
 Whose Golden-waves in Heav'n and Earth do flow.
 Behold with Wonder here the Zodiack-line,
 Where every Constellation (every Sign)
 That hangs upon the beauteous Breast of Heav'n,
 Looks like a *George*, to some great Heroe giv'n.
 Once through the Firmament as *Phæbus* past,
 Beholding various sorts of things: —at last
 The fair *Leucothoe* he did descry,
 Who fires his generous-heart, and charms his Eye.
 For *Venus* has (cou'd *Venus* be survey'd)
 No sweeter look than the unfullied Maid:
 Her Beauties like the Morn were bright and clear,
 And in her Eyes Mercy and Peace appear.
 The Ennamor'd God doth strait descend to view,
 More near this Earthly-Saint of heav'nly hew:
 He came when *Natures* tender Nurse, had hurl'd
 Her Sable Curtains o're the drowsie World.
 When every Bird to his Pavilion fled,
 And on his Downy-pillow laid his head:
 He takes her Mothers shape, by that betray'd,
 The unsuspecting careless, harmless Maid.
 Then re-asuming all his Rays, did say,
 I am the mighty Guider of the Day,
 To all the Wondring-World my Beams display.

All that you see below the spacious Sky,
 My Creatures are, and wear my Livery:
 Without my heat the Seeds of all things fall
 To the first Nothing, (their Original)
 On the young Spring my Influence I spread,
 And give a Golden-green Mantle to each Mead.
 Tis I that gild fair *Iris* lightfom Front,
 And with my gaudy Pensil paint upon't:
 Tis I give life to every tender Plant,
 And cause the numerous Armies of the Ant.
 Tis I make Gold, that Thoughtfulness and Care,
 Thus Diligence and Thrift, my Drudges are.
 I fill the World with her unnumbered Kin,
 And make old *Nature* every year lie In.
 As some fair Peacock prinks his breast and head,
 (Woing the female to his Painted-bed :)
 Spreaderth all round with Pride his pompious Vail,
 His Azure-Wings, and golden starry Tail.
 So *Phæbus* burning with Loves flames doth move,
 Displays his golden Rays all round his Love.
 To enflame *Leucorhoe* with Lovers Grace,
 To yield the sooner to his kind Embrace:
 Who cou'd resist? Won by his melting Charms,
 She does receive him in her trembling Arms:
 And let's him Pleasures take, that even *Jove*,
 Might envy, and with Beauty feasts his Love.

How

How sweet is every Lover's reflecting joy,
 Nothing but Envious time would Love destroy.
 For Love the Virgin lays aside her fears,
 Regards not her Indulgent-mothers tears.
 Old fullen *Saturn*, *Cypids*, Laws obeys,
 And the coy *Thetis* Goddess of the Seas.
 And even the aged Sire of *Neptune's* heard,
 With his long Beagle-colour'd Dewy-beard:
 Whose Frory-head with Snow is cover'd o're.
 Will court a Sea-Nymph on the Grassy shore.
 Mysterious Love cannot be understood,
 Both old and young admire, and think it good,
 And yet tis nothing but a Dream of blood,
 That wakes with the enjoying open eyes,
 Forget the Pleasures they last Night did prize.
 Pleasures look fair, like Pyramids they show,
 Too like (alas) observe them as they go.
 When nearest to their height, how narrow still they
 Now *Clitie* to her Father doth reveal, (grow
 The secret joys which these two Lovers steal:
 Makes cruel *Orbanus* with Rage to burn,
 Who shurs the tender Beauty in an Urn.
 But *Phabus* glancing with his Golden-eyes,
 Breaks up the Marble-Couch wherein she lies:
 And by his powerful quickning Influence,
 Turns her into a Tree of Frankincense;

That in the Balmy-linoak the might arise,
And offer *Jove* a daily Sacrifice.

ANDROMEDA, & PERSEUS.

The Argument.

*Andromeda for the Pride of her Mother
Cassiope, that contended with the Sea-
Nymphs in Beauty; was by them bound to a
Rock, and left to be devour'd by a Sea-Mon-
ster: Afterwards Perseus slew the Mon-
ster, and married the Daughter.*

THere stands a Rock that furiously doth beat,
The weary Billows (foaming with her sweat.)
When they attempt to take one minutes rest,
On the rough Pillow of his Craggy-breast;
Where solitary Storks in Troops do throng,
On shining Shells, both hatch, and feed their Young:
The Shells that lie upon the unhallowed place,
Do serve the Mermaids for their Looking-glass;
By these they dress their heads, and see their face.

Here

Here *Halcions* ne're will venture with their brood,
 Lest *Aeolus* shou'd drown them in the flood :
 None but the fatal Birds resorted here,
 The ill-fac'd *Screech-Owl* (Deaths sad messenger)
 The hoarse Night-Raven that who hears, doth die,
 And *Hapies* Prophets of sad destiny.
 The Rocks look wilde, like some old Desert, where
 Tall Cedars whisper to the sighing Air :
 Upon this Top the *Tritons* sound a Call,
 Summon the Sea-Nymphs to the Funeral,
 Of fair *Andromeda*, brought to appease,
 By a sad death the angry Goddeses :
 By their decree the guiltless Maid lay bound,
 Complaining to the pitying stony-ground :
 The Rock it self, how rough and rude so e're,
 Would scarce believe that Nymphs such Furies were.
 Have you not seen lie prostrate on the ground,
 A Lovers-heart fresh bleeding of a Wound,
 With a small Golden Chain about it bound.
 How sweetly it will sigh, 'twill seem to frame
 Fine Notes, and call upon some cruel Name
 Thus seem'd *Andromeda*, with Plaints and Cries,
 She importunes the Guardian-Deities.
 Like some fair Almond-tree that stands alone,
 Whose tender Leaves do tremble every one,
 She fears each breath that under Heav'n is blown.

Her

Her beauteous Mother (as great *Heber's Wife*)
 Became an humble Suppliant for the Life
 Of young *Astynox*, her tender Son.
 One of the Relicks of sad *Iliou*.
 Entreateth all the Gods to spare her Race,
 With Prayers and Pearly-tears that dew her Face.
 As a young Lark, when the kind Heav'ns do pour
 Upon the Earth some sweet-refreshing Showr;
 Sits bathing of his airy Wings on high;
 Under those Cryстал-drops, you might espy
 A charming *Cupid* in each mournful Eye.
 The Boy with all his Arts did try to clear
 Those Lights through which his Conquests did ap-
 But still she wept, and did of Fate complain, (pear;
 Like *Venus* for her dear *Adonis* slain.
 But loe the Monster from the *Ose* doth rise,
 Approaching towards his long'd-for Sacrifice;
 His bloody Eyes like Comets shining bright,
 Darting out horrid Beams of threatening Light:
 His Thunder founding to the distant Woods,
 Which echoing back frighteth the trembling floods:
 The Waters wondring at the dismal-roar,
 Silently steal to some remoter Shoar.
 But now a Valiant noble Youth appears,
 Whose Helmet glitters with a thousand Stars.

His

His shining Beaver was of beaten Gold,
 And on the Crest, a Dragon did enfold.
 Whose greedy Paws, whose dreadful hideous Head,
 Both glorious brightness, and great terrour bred:
 Upon his Sun-broad Shield Embossed high,
 Were Fame and Glory running swiftly by.
 A curious Silver Trumpet Fame did bear,
 Whose Wind was Praise, and sounded through the
 By Glory most Ingeniously were wrought, (Air.
 The dangerous Battels *Alexander* fought.
 Here were Displayd the *Roman Eagles* Wings,
 By them great Triumphs and the Crowns of Kings;
 Trophies and Garlands, wonderfully sweet,
 And many Princes fighting at her Feet.
 The Royal-Maid when she the Youth espies,
 Tries with unable hands to hide her Eyes;
 Then Rosie-blushes from her Cheeks arise. }
 So once the modest World did strive to hide
 Those Secrets which *Columbus* since describe:
 Unwilling that her Beauties should be told,
 Her Veins, her Mines, her undiscoverd Gold.
 When *Perseus* saw her lovely Limbs all bare,
 Left to be chilled by the piercing Air;
 Her Ivory-neck, her Alabaster-breast,
 Where little Love in soft delight did rest:

Her

Her Bosom white as *Albion's* pale-fac'd Shore,
 Or Snow by Northern-blasts bolted thrice o're.
 The Heroe does resolve to undertake,
 The dreadful-dangerous Combat for her sake.
 The Gods have always took peculiar Care,
 To help and succour the distressed-Pair :
 The Angels watch that no Mischance befall,
 At unawares the sacred Animal :
 This *Monster* was by the brave Warriors hand,
 Sent suddenly to *Pluto's* griesly Land.
 Like as the sacred Oxe that careless stands,
 Proud of his dying-honour, and dear bands ;
 With gilded Horns, and flowry Garlands crown'd,
 While Incense doth perfume the Altar round :
 He groveling falls, and with his streamy Goar,
 Doth stain the Altar, and the shining Oar ;
 So fell the *Monster* on the dismal Shoar.
 The loving Mother that nine Months doth bear
 Her tender Babe, seeing it safe appear,
 Shews not such Joys as the expressed here.
 When once the misty Mountains late unseen,
 Change their white Garments into lovely-green.
 The Gardens smile with their fresh flowry-buds,
 The Meads with Grass, with leaves the naked-woods.
 So now *Cassiope* no longer shrouds
Andromeda in Robes of Sable-clouds.

But

But let us now behold each charming Grace,
 That shines in her bright beauteous Royal-face :
 Beauty like banks of Violets, or the Rose,
 To Favourites obliging-sweets bestows.
 Those Eyes that languisht, now recruit their fire,
 Her Cheeks like untoucht Cherries do aspire.
 With Crimson blushes, as it were to court,
 Or to entice the Linnet, or to sport
 With the young wanton Sparrow ; her bright hair
 Like to a curious Border did appear ;
 Her Looks were sweet as *Juno's* Eye-lids are.
 Glorious as *Titon*, when he doth unfold
 His beamy-Curtains to the wondring World ;
 And makes dull Earth shine like the glittering Gold.
 This Beauty by the bounteous Will of Heav'n,
 In all her Jewels, to the Youth is giv'n
 And now the fair *Adromeda* is led
 In Triumph to the Lovers Genial-bed :
 The Virgins all Rejoycing in her Way,
 Strows Flow'rs, while loud *Clarions* sweetly play.

D VENUS

VENUS and ADONIS.

The Argument.

*Adonis was the Darling of Venus, who was
kill'd by a wilde Boar, whom Venus after
his Death turned into a Flower.*

O Sacred *Muses* ! by your secret Skill,
Enrich with curious Forms my lab'ring Quill:
Dress up in Flowery-fancy every Line,
Yet let them in a Native-sweetness shine :
Like some great Gilder, teach me how to shed
A Glorious-gloss, and finely over-spread,
Each Verse with golden Foyl, that they may bring
Credit to every Wonder that I sing,
Of young *Adonis* : *Atlas* ne'r did bear
Upon his Glittering-back a brighter Star :
His Face was like a serene Summers-night,
Crested all o're with beauteous beams of Light :
Buskins he wore of costly *Cordiwain*,
Which fashion did become the gentle Swain :

Pinkt

Pinkt upon Gold, and Paled part by part;
 In his Right-hand he held a trembling Dart,
 That seem'd unwilling to destroy the nimble Hart.
 He had a *Hood* which curious *Aglets* spread,
 A *Horn* to Winde the *Obsequies* of his *Dead*:
 He never spilt the Blossom of his days
 In Idleness, but in delightful ways.
 There was no *Hawk* that mantled on her Perch,
 But he did both her flight and measure search;
 Her trowing up on high, her coasting low,
 Did all her curious Prey and Dyet know;
 Such be the Joys that in the Forests grow.
 Sometimes young Fawns and Kids he would convay,
 And sometimes with the silver Fishes play:
 At other-times he *Robin-red-breasts* caught,
 And after little wanton Squirrels sought.
 But when the Sable-night chas'd Light away,
 (Unfulled with the Pleasures of the Day;) }
 The Youth did with the Queen of *Beauty* rest,
 On the white Pillow of her Panting-breast.
 Between these *Alps* where troops of *Beauties* are,
 She lays his head, and strokes his shining hair:
 Sweet-balmy *Nectar*-drops from thence distils,
 Like Orient-Pearl along it softly trills.
 So from the Vine the sacred Juice doth flow,
 Bestowing blessings from his bounteous Bough:

A silver Veil she wore, but wrought so thin,
 It did not quite her Alabaster-skin.
 As Usurers (whose Plenty makes them poor,
 With grievous Gouty Toes tormented sore, (door.
 Although their wretched days draw nigh Deaths
 How greedily they vievv their cursed Pelf,
 And Iron-chest, that Guards their Mammon-vvealth.
 Like them, *Adonis* vvishes still to vievv,
 (For evermore) her naked heav'nly hev'v :
 In her bright Eyes sat smiling svveet Delight,
 Able to tempt a fullen Anchoritè.
 A feeble Withered-hermit grovv'n *Times-scorn*,
 With fivescore snovvy tedious Winters vvorn ;
 Might shake off fifty looking in her Eye,
 She gave the Crutch the Cradles Infancy :
 Like the fair *Hebe* she looks ever young,
 Time cannot her Immorral *Beauty* vvrong.
 This Goddeffs doth submit unto his Charms,
 Pressing him gently in her loving Arms :
 Her starry Mantle over him she spread,
 And Rosie Pillowvs plac'd beneath his head.
 Thus did great *Juno's* Nymphs (by *Nature* kind)
 Help *Hercules* the Golden-fruit to find.
 Their Pleasures did the feeble-sence confound,
 And the frail Soul in deep-delight did drovvnd.

Pleasure's the Daughter of the Queen of Love,
 Whose Charms can sweetly temper angry *Jove*.
 The Gliding-minutes as they past avay,
 Did often vainly wish with them to stay;
 So kindly did they Treat them every day.
 Now with sweet Kisses doth she bathe his Eyes,
 Leads him to *Grottoes* where the *Mirtles* rise.
 Whose shady boughs rude Iron ne're did lop,
 Whose Trees do Gummy-juices freely drop:
 Shevvs him a Fountain on whose Top did shine,
 A naked Boy in every part divine:
 Blindfold he was, and in his hands did hold
 A Bow and Arrows made of massie Gold;
 Ah Youth bevvare how you the Darts behold.
 About the Fountain several Anticks plaid,
 With purest Bullion finely over-laid.
 Fancy with her own painted Plumes did play,
 To Lovers she did curious Thoughts convey,
Idea's whiter then Heav'ns Milky way.
 The next was *Hope*, a comely handsom Maid,
 In a Silk *Camis* beauteously arrayd:
 Her Sunny-Locks were wovven up in Gold,
 She always smil'd, and in her hands did hold
 A Poplar-branch which oft she dipt in Dew,
 And Favours upon begging Courtiers threw,
 Thousands she seem'd to like, yet lov'd but very few.

The

The next vvas *Flattery* brisk *Debonair*,
 Richly adorn'd, and seem'd exceeding fair ;
 But her bright *Brows* were deckt with borrow'd hair.
Displeasure next appear'd lumpish and sad,
 An angry Wasp she in a Vial had :
 Then *loss of Time* vvith *slow Repentance* came,
Repentance, *Feeble*, *sorrowful*, and *Lame* :
 Here Spears vvere broke, *Trophies* and *Garlands* rent,
 And all to shew *Loves* merciless intent.
Love Loadstone like on *Iron-Tempers* acts,
 And by a secret Touch the *Heart* attracts :
 Attracts it strangely vvith unclasping Crooks,
 With unknown Cords, vvith unperceived-Hooks :
 With unseen-hands, vvith undiscerned Arms,
 With Powerful hidden-force, and secret Charms.
 By the fair Fountains-side the starry Spies,
 Nightly beholding their Love-thieveries ;
 Decree that young *Adonis* shall be slain,
 Youths pleasant Clues of Life are short and vain.
 A mighty *Boar* into *Adonis* Breast,
 Doth strike his Tusks, and goars his Snowy-Chest :
 Forth from the Wounds there streams a blushing-
 Of rich untainted Crimson-colour'd-blood. (flood,
 Those Ruby-Lips vyhich just before began,
 To shew their Smiling-red turn pale and vvan.

Beauteous *Adonis* on the Ground lies dead,
 Like some fair sleeping Poppey, vvhen the head
 By a rude Culter is untimely shread. }
 Ne're did Great *Hecuba* for *Hector* slain,
 So much lament, as *Venus* did complain.
 The Fields vvith faded Flowers did seem to mourn,
 And running Waters vvept for his return :
 Birds Warbled out a melancholy Note,
 The sighing Air put on a Mourning-Coat ;
 And testified its grief in flowing Tears,
 Like those which on *Aurora's* Cheek appears.
 When from old *Tithon's* Bed she doth arise,
 Scattering fresh Diamond-drops from her fair Eyes.
 A general Sorrow Nature did sustain,
 When the unhappy lovely Youth was slain.

CYNTHIA

CYNTHIA and ENDIMION.

The Argument.

Cynthia is the Moon, she lov'd Endymion a Shepherd that lay upon Mount Latmos, and us'd to come to see him : Juno Jupiter's Wife likewise lov'd him, and for that reason Jupiter (being jealous) commanded Morpheus to keep him there in Eternal Sleep.

THere is a Mountain so prodigious high,
 The Frontiers boldly seem to scale the Sky :
 Higher then Aiery *Pelion* (known by Fame)
 Mount *Latmos* call'd, here *Cynthia* often came.
 Her silver Stags (as Poets feign) did stop
 Each Night upon the mysty Mountains-Top,
 The Goddess lov'd to view the beauteous Face
 Of her fair Love that slept upon this Place :
 From the high Battlement of Heav'n, *her Carr*
 Descending finely gilt the gloomy Air ;

She

She wears a Glorious Crescent for a Crown,
 Which shining to her very Heels hangs down :
 Her Brows are bent in milde Majestick-wise,
 Beneath the same stand *Crysolites* for Eyes.
 An Azure-Mantle waving at her Back,
 With two bright Clasps buckled about her Neck,
 Florisht with Birds of fundry-shape, and each
 With Glittering Stars Embost, and Powder'd rich :
 She sits upon a Mighty-burnisht Throne,
 And sways the Giddy, Restless-Seas thereon ;
 In her Right-hand a curious Globe doth shew,
 Compos'd of Ponderous-Earth and Water too.
 (As Emblem) that the Rivers are her Slaves,
 That she Commands in Chief the Linked Waves.
 This Goddess, seeing on the naked Ground
 The lovely Youth in *Morpheus* Fetters bound ;
 Doth sadly Mourn to think that angry *Jove*,
 Shoud be so cruel to her onely Love ;
 To her that takes such Care to watch, and eye
 His Starry-Hoast, and Shining-Gallery.
 Happy (said she) are all those Nymphs and Swains,
 That sleep together on the Flowery Plains ;
 They ease each other of their raging Flames.
 To his fair Misse *Colin* doth Wildings bring,
 Wildings as beauteous as the *Virgin-Spring* :

Whose Purple-sides entice the *Birds* to taste,
 With these the little Gluttons make a Feast;
 And after Dinner sing, and thank their Hoast,
 Then go and Ramble to some other Coast.
 Sometimes he mixes *Lillies* with the *Rose*,
 And *True-love-knots* for *Phillis* doth Compose;
 And by a curious sort of Cunning-Art,
 Makes Mysteries appear in every Part.
 The lovely Garlands that Adorn her *Brows*,
 Are sweetly Interwove with *Mirtle-Boughs*;
 And all the Flowers appearing in their Place,
 Do shew the *Beauties* of her Angel-Face,
 The modest Violet shews her Veins, the *Rose*
 Her *Blushes* that to Lovers she bestows.
 The Thorny-Prickles tell the Cruel-smart,
 Of some forlorn, forsaken Shepherds-heart;
 And mystically shew the Power of *Cupid-Dart*,
 The Rural-Lasses, and the Rustick-Boys,
 Partake of solid and substantial Joys.
 Thus silly Shepherds make the Gods confess,
 That onely they enjoy True-happiness.
 I (though a Goddess) vainly beg of *Vove*,
 To let *Endymion* see my tender Love.
 Then would the grateful Youth my Altars dress,
 With Incense and with humble Thankfulness.

When

When e're the blooming Blossoms do bestow
 Their lovely Treasure from their yielding Bow.
 The Earth doth kindly the sweet Present take,
 And back again to them Returns doth make.
 When the Sun shin'd on *Alexander's* Shield,
 It Darted Golden Raies throughout the Field.
 I Dart my Beams, but no Return of Light
 Can come from Eyes clos'd in Eternal Night.
 The spiteful God may make me live a Slave,
 But yet i'll visit fair *Endimion's* Cave.
 Why shou'd the *Thunderer* be so severe?
 To keep my Beautious Love a *Prisoner* here.
 'Tis vain to ask (as wherefore Tempests rise,
 For Powerful *Jove* regards not Peevish-whys.
 Through *Seas* of *Tears* (where every Sigh's a Gale)
 Young Lovers must to *Beautie's-Temple* Sail:
 No calmer way by the *Rash-Child* is given,
 They pass by *Hell* before they come to *Heaven*.

ACHILLES and DEIDAMIA.

The Argument.

Thetis (the Goddess of the Seas) takes her Son Achilles from old Chiron, that taught him all manner of Arts, and brings him to Lycomedes's Court, for fear the Grecians shou'd find him, and intice him to the War; therefore she puts him in Womans Cloaths to pass for a Maid, &c.

Achilles he falls in Love with Deidamia, one of the King's Daughters, and she with him, and so they continue in their kindness to each other, till Uliſſes finding him, carries him to the Camp.

TO *Lycomedes Court, Renown'd by Fame, (came. With her young Darling Son Great Thetis She brought him from the Old Chiron's Den, for fear The cunning Greeks might search, and find him there; And*

And so by Wiles intice the Martial-Boy
 To see their *Camp* besieging careless *Troy*.
 This Noble Palace was with Marble built,
 The Floores with Polisht-Ivory pav'd, and gilt.
 The Roofs were high, and all about them were
 Pendants, and curious Corbes, engraved fair.
 The Hangings of Rich *Arras* wrought with Gold,
 And those the Battels of the Giants told.
 The shining metal lurked privily,
 As wishing to be hid from Humane Eye.
 Like a discolour'd *Snake*, whose hidden Snares,
 By his bright back through the Grass appears.
 A Hundred tender Virgins Lilly-White
 Here alwaies rang'd about, in sweet Delight.
 For all that Nature by her Mother-wit
 Could frame, was here, and what she did omit,
 Art playing *Natures* part, supplied it.
 The *Juniper*, the *Pine*, the *Ceder* tall,
 That Decks his Branch with Blossoms over all,
 Was Planted here, or else grew Natural.
Alcides curious speckled *Poplar*-Tree,
 The *Firr*, the *Almond*, *Pine*, the *Mulbury*.
 Whose Juice doth Dew the Poets Brain,
 And *Palms* that *Monarchs* do obtain.
 Near these the stately Trees of Honour stood,
 That do in *Winter*, as in *Summer* bud.

Spread-

Spreading *Pavillions* for the Birds to Bower,
 And in their Tops the Soaring-Eagles Tower,
 Sitting on high in Majesty and Power.
 Each Sence of *Man*, most Coy, most Curious-Nice,
 Might please it self with each Device, (tice.
 For here all Pleasures were that could frail Sence en-
 Shadows to Skreen them from the Sun's hot Ray,
 Sweet-streams in which these beauteous Nympts did
 High-reared Mounts the far-off Lands to view, (play.
 Delightful Groves for *Phylomels* young Crew :
 False *Labyrinths* where none might Peep, or gaze
 To see their Pretty-wanton secret-ways,
 To please her Children Nature made the Maze.
 And all about were Vines of even Ranks,
 And pleasant *Primrose*-Seats, and *Violet*-Banks :
 Here did these beauteous *Nympts* together sport,
 The Ruder-Sex to them did near resort :
 Therefore in *Virgins-Fire* the *Youth's* arraid,
 (And by his Mothers Art) lookt like a Maid.
 She taught him gentle-Looks and pleasing-Smiles,
 And shew'd him how to Act the Womens-wiles;
 And all the cunning Charms by which they get
 The weak unguarded Heart into their Net. .
 Said She *Loves-Arts* are various ('tis confest)
 But yet *Humility* succeedeth best :

For

For all the Learned *Sages* say of old,
 That *Fortune* ever favoured the bold.
 For all they do affirm Women are won,
 Chiefly by brisk-Attempt, and putting on
 The young Practitioner in *Love* shall find,
 That humble-postures soonest catch the Mind,
 And makes the roughest Tempers calm and kind. }
 They shake the noble Tree that would preserve
 Its Fruit, and make it from uprightness swerve.
 Learn you to Love, let others learn to War;
 Of Shields and Helmets (my dear Child) beware.
 Honour like Cinnamon is mounded round,
 With many a Thorn that doth the *Heroe* wound:
 Tis mounded round, that none may Danger less
 Approach the Plant, much less the Fruit possess.
 Honour that with the Price of *Blood* is bought,
 Is a meer Fancy seated in the Thought.
 A fine *New-nothing*, a (*Gilt-Name*) alas!
 As vain as *Archimedo's* Heav'n of Glass.
 For *Omphale* Great *Hercules* forsook
 Rude War, and in his Hand a Distaffe took.
 The *Mighty Lover* in her softer-Charms,
 Forgot that *Heroes* us'd to Shine in Arms.
 Think with your self how happy is this state,
 How pleasant, sweet, how quiet, fortunate.

To live for ever here at rest and ease,
 Free from the tempest of all worldly-Seas
 From *Battel* safe, and all things that displease }
 After these Documents and many more,
 (Her shining Chariot posting to the shore)
 The Queen to *Lycomedes* Royal Care,
 Doth trembling leave her fearless beauteous Heir.
 Like some poor *Pellican* that cannot rest,
 Leaving her Downy-young in their warm Nest.
 In this fair Tree she thinks them not secure,
 And that another can't feirce Winds endure.
 The Youth among these Beauties now doth rove,
 And with fair *Deidamia* falls in love.
 Who was so fair, that Flesh she seemed not,
 (Clear as the *Azure-skie* without a spot.)
 This heavenly Portraet of bright Angels-hew,
 Had the sweet mixtures of Complectious Dew.
 Natures kind beautious White, and blushing red, }
 The Gazers Eyes with double Pleasure fed,
 Able to heal the Sick, and to revive the Dead. }
 Her Words did drop like *Manna* when she spake, }
 And from those Pearls and Rubies, softly brake }
 A silver Sound that Musick seem'd to make.
 Her Breasts, like Fruit in *May* began to swell,
 And silently like Virgins seem'd to tell,

What

What bounteous Favours they wou'd shortly shed,
 For the Deserver in the genial Bed.
 Her sunny Locks, large as the morning were,
 And wav'd, and like a *Penon* did appear.
 Widely dispre'd, and loosely scattered,
 Fresh blooming Buds and Flowers adorn'd her Head.
 And when mild *Zephyrus* amongst them blew,
 Most dainty Odors round about them threw.
 In the Youth's looks more roughness one might read,
 (Though lovely Lillies were with Roses spread)
 For Nature takes a more peculiar care,
 To make the Woman Beautiful and Fair.
 The Female Sex has a more gentle Eye,
 A smother Skin, a Cheek of purer dye.
 A fainter Voice, a more enticing Face,
 A deeper Tress, a more delightful Grace.
 These happy Lovers mutually impart,
 Sweet Glances that do fire each others Heart.
 By every Glance mysteriously we find,
 Whether the Temper's Cruel, Rough, or Kind,
 The Eye's the truest *Index* of the Mind. }
 Here first the little God begins to play,
 And steals, not rudely Forces Hearts away.
 Have you observ'd how Circles will encrease,
 From One, to Two, to Three, and never cease.

Till they the very utmost Bank have found,
 They spread, and reach, and strive to gain the ground.
 So *Love* encreases, and doth never rest,
 Till he the Conquest gets of some fair Breast:
 And then he sits, and mocks, and laughs, and sings.
 And Claps for Joy his Purple-colour'd Wings.
 By many Arts the Virgin is betrayd,
 Fair *Deidamia* thinking him a Maid;
 By strict-embracing him doth blow up higher,
 His burning-Passion to a flaming-Fire.
 The Noble-Youth did with this *Beauty* lie,
 (This *Beauty* full of all *Divinity*) (beat)
 (Whose Sacred Charms might raise from *Hermits*-
 Made him the Womans-bashful Rules forget :
 The *Youth* doth now *Ambrosial-Kisses* taste,
 And on the best of Joys doth freely feast ;
 Possessing all that Heav'n can give, or *Jove*,
 (His secret *Mistresses* most tender-love.)
 To *Lycomedes* he was never known,
 To be the brave *Achilles* (*Thetis* Son)
 Till Sly *Ulysses* landed on the Coast,
 Who carried him to *Agamemnon's* Hoast.

APOLLO and DAPHNE.

The Argument.

*Daphne was the Daughter of Peneus ; She
was Courted by Apollo, but fled from him ;
afterwards she was turn'd into a Lawrell-
Tree.*

Cupid's Almighty-Dart that cannot rest,
Till it arrives and wounds some Noble-breast:
Makes Great Apollo leave his Chair of Gold,
To Court a Beauty of a Brighter-Mould.
He came in a Rich-Garment wrought in Folds,
With Turn-sols, Daffidils, and Marigolds:
His Saffron-Ruff was Edged mighty near,
With Curious-Flaming-Baluites round it set.
The Yellow-grounded-Robe for Jests had on,
A precious Porphire, or an Agat-stone.
Two Glorious Suns, in Daphne's Eye-lids lay,
Whose Gates let out the Oriental-Day:
Whose Flames Disguis'd in Balls of Snow were burld,
And so Consum'd the unsuspecting World.

The God of Wit with his *Ingenious Charms*,
Labours to bring this *Beauty* to his Arms :
 Courts her with a most gentle-winning-Grace,
 (As if each Word were Moulded for the Place.)
 Tries with most Witty-wiles her Steps to stay,
 Spreads *Nets* of *Birdlime-Passion* in her Way.
 Takes his *Harmonious-Lute* whose Charms cou'd call,
 The willing Stones into the *Theban-wall*.
 But *Musick*, nor *Soft-Eloquence* can move
 The Carless-Nymph to Pitty, or to Love.
 She flies like some poor Bird with Fear opprest,
 That Wanders to the Wilderness to rest.
Apollo doth behold her from a-far,
 (As *Skill'd-Astronomers* some *Glittering-Star*.)
 Then close pursues, and tells her she will chace
 The *Beauteous-Lillies* from their *Native-place* :
 Tells her that *gentle-Doves* thus *Eagles* shun,
 And *Trembling-milk-white Lambs* from *Foxes* run.
 Tells her the *Marigold* with Joy receives,
 His gentle-heat into her *Virgin-Leaves*.
 Shews her that *beauteous Blossoms* oft bestow,
 Most *Odoriferous Kisses* from their Bough :
 And yield to *Zephirus* because he's fair,
 And Courts them with a milde and gentle Air.
 Be kind (said he) fair Nymph, to Sighs give Ear,
 The *Sweets of Love* are wasted by long Pray'r.

Love's

Love's like the Rose (if rightly understood)
The Virgin-Rose, most sweetest in the Bud.
 But Arguments are vain, She shuns his Sight,
 And flies like *Mists* chac'd by the *Morning-light*.
 As in a *Covent* where the *Ghostly-Fryar*,
 (Feeling some *Feeble-Flames of Cupid's-Fire.*)
 Pursues a *Fearful-Nun*, and talks of *Bliss*,
 And Greets the *Virgin* with a *Holy-Kiss*.
 When in his *Looks* She reads a *Winters-Day*,
 Sees *Natures White* and *Red* quite worn away.
 Knows that *bright-Silver-hairs* long since appear'd,
 (*Shining like Isacles*) upon his *Beard* :
 And marks that his *Old-Palsie-shaken Head*,
 Looks like the *Branches* of an *Oak*, neer-Dead,
 With *Hoary-Frost*, and *Spangles* covered. }
 She that before thought him inur'd to Fast,
 Thought that he kept his Body low and chaste ;
 Blushing with *Horror* hastens from the Place,
 Nor dare behold her *Amorous-Father's-Face* :
 But strait retires in secret to her *Cell*,
 That she in her un sullied-state may dwell.
Apollo overtook her trembling-Foot,
 Just as 'twas *Metamorphiz'd* to a Root.
 About her *Bark* his loving Arms he cast,
 And gently did Embrace her tender Wast.

So sometimes doth a *Cloud* a *Hill* receive,
 And of his *Lofly-head* our Eyes bereave;
 As if the *Amorous-Cloud* did try to rest,
 The *Drouste-Mountain* in its Sable-breast.
 But now the *Nymph* that was so Coy and Fair,
 Sits Mourning in a *Verdant-Lawrel-Chair*.
 Within the *Bark* her *Heart* doth beat and pant,
 Much like *Pudefetan* (the *Shame-fac'd-Plant*.)
 Which if by Chance a Man approach too much,
 It trembles, shrinks, and shuns the hateful-touch;
 As if it had a Soul, a Sence, a Sight,
 Subject to Fear, to Sorrow, and Despight.
 Yet still the *Generous-God* for her takes Care,
 And Cloaths her in a *Mantle* all the Year.
 For though the *Angry-Heav'n's* oft low'r and frown,
 The *Lawrel* wears her *Green-embroider'd Gown*.

A R E-

ARETHUSA and ALPHEUS.

The Argument.

Arethusa was a Virgin one of Diana's Companions, loving Hunting; She was beloved of Alpheus, whose Violence when she could not escape, Diana turn'd her into a Fountain of that Name, which least she should be mixt with Alpheus, runs under Ground in secret Channels, and breaks out about Syracusa.

HOW Coldly doth the Bashful-Skie behold,
 Her Spruce-bright-Lover Deckt in Beams of Gold;
 With what Unwillingness She seems to meet,
 His Heavenly-Charms, his Youth-enticing-Heat;
 As if he were some Aged-Bard, whose Beard
 Might make a Virgins tender-Lips afraid.
 Like her the Nymphs of Great Diana were
 Modest and Chast, and most Divinely-fair,
 As the Serenest-Summers Purged Air.

These

These *Nymphs* did often to Old *Cynthus* go,
 To chase the *fearful-Fawn*, and hunt the *Doe*;
 That to the *Far-of Spicy-Desart* flies,
 Leaving her *Young* to her (*fair-Enemies*.)
 It chanc'd *Alpheus* saw them in some *Grove*,
 (Or pleasant-*Grotto* where they us'd to *Rove*,)
 And with fair *Arethusa* fell in *Love*.
 The *Beauteous-Nymph* deriv'd from *Angels-Race*,
 Was cloath'd in *Green* fine-laid with *Silver-lace*;
 Her *Golden-Quiver* hanging by her side,
 Whose *Shafts* were with the *Princely-Purple* dy'd.
 About her *Shoulders* playd her *Flowing-hair*,
 Her *Neck* was deckt with *Pearl* which *Seas* prepare,
 And lookt like some *brave-Altar* which men *Rear*.
 To Offer *Divine-Sacrifice* thereon,
 (As *Trophies* after *War* and *Battel* done.)
 Pure as the *Assyrian-Monarchs-Sacred-Fire*,
 Which all his humble-Subjects did admire.
Alpheus with a *Lovers Cunning-art*,
 Tries to Imprint *warm-words* upon her heart;
 Besieges close the *Beauteous-Cittadel*,
 (Where all the *Sweet-Triumphant-Graces* dwell,
 Like some Great *Scipio*, or brave *Hannibal*.
 But all in vain, the *Nymph's* unconquered-Mind,
 Remains as free as any *Mountain-wind*:

Wisely she does Resolve never to prove,
 The *Various Perils* that attend on Love ;
 Nor alter her *unsullied Virgin-State*,
 For a more Careful, and unfortunate.
 Who'd change a *Happiness* both firm, and true,
 (*A Happiness* that *Heav'n* stands *Witness* to.)
A Happiness with *Dearest-wisdom* bought,
 For *Transitory-Love* (the *Itch of Thought*.)
 None but a Slave wou'd wear his *Ponderous-Chains*,
 Obey his *Simpleness*, endure his *Pains*.
 (What want the *Birds* ? how sweetly do they live,)
 They Drink the *Diamond-Dew* that *Heav'n* doth give,
 And pay in *Songs* for what they do receive.
 They take the *Pleasures* of the *Pathless-Air*,
 Unclog'd they mount, and ramble every where,
 Not knowing any *Self-destroying-Care*.
 In short, they live like their *Creator* free,
 Not like *Dull-Man* (the *Worlds Epitomy*.)
 Man's like the *Fly* that in the *Furnace-Springs*,
 (The *Fly Pyrausta* with its *Flaming-wings*.)
 Without the *Fire of Love* he takes no joy,
 Doating on that which doth his *Youth* destroy.
 When once *Alpheus* found he could not move,
 Nor make *Fair-Arethusa* think of Love ;
 Rudely within his *Arms* the Maid did Press,
 (By Violence to get a *Happiness*.)

G

Who

Who calling on *Diana* for her *Aid*,
 Into a *Crystal-Fountain* chang'd the *Maid*:
 So the *Soft-Ermin* is in *Whiteness* seen,
 (So carefully She keeps her Self, so Clean ;
 She won't endure the *Sweaty-Hunters-Touch*,
 Nor towards a *sullied-Creature* will approach.
 This *Beauteous-Nymph*, fearing She might be found
 By *false-Alpheus*, runneth under Ground,
 In secret-Channels, and such hatred bears,
 She suffers not his *Stream* to mix with hers :
 Such *Spight* there was (if we may Credit *Fame*)
 Between two *Brothers* in the *Funeral-flame* ;
 Their *burning-Bones* strangely divided were,
 And seem'd to fight *ascending in the Air*.

HIPPOMANES and ATTALANTA.

The Argument.

Hippomanes was the Son of Macareus, he fell in Love with Attalanta, who had Vow'd Virginity; (only this Condition she propos'd to her Wooers) That they should run a Race with her Unarmed, and she should be allowed to have a Dart, and if she out-ran them, she should kill them with her Dart, but he that out-ran her should have her to Wife. Now when she had been the Death of many Wooers, Hippomanes durst not well trust to his Feet, therefore he besought Venus to help him, who gave him Three Golden-Apples, and taught him how he should use them. Whereupon he undertook the Race; and when he saw she was even at his Heels, and ready to catch him, he threw the Golden-

G 2

Apples

Apples three several ways, a great way off,
 with whose Beauty she was so allured, that
 she could not refrain from gathering them up;
 the whilst Hippomanes won the Race,
 and Her; Afterwards he forgot to be thank-
 full to Venus, and she in Revenge bewitch-
 ed him to such Lust, that he lay with his Wife
 in the Temple of Mars: Cybille taking
 the Matter hainously, transformed him into
 a Lion, and she into a Lioness.

A fter that fundry Nobles sought to move }
 Fair Attalanta, and had vainly strove; }
 The Youth Hippomanes doth fall in Love. }
 This Nymph had vow'd Virginity, unless }
 Her Wooers could out-run her in a Race; }
 The Loss was Death, the Prize a Beauteous Face. }
 She was to be allowed to have a Dart,
 And if she won, to pierce her Lovers Heart.
 Many brave Men that sought her for a Wife,
 Not staggering at the Danger, lost their Life.
 The Nimble Roe she would have left behind,
 That trips o're Mountains, and out-flies the Wind.

Fame flies not faster, when he is to bring
 Tydings of *Trophies* to some *Happy King*.
 The Youth considering *Peril* tract *Delay*,
 That Expedition was to win the *Day*.
 And that he durst not trust to his own *Feet*,
 And that his *Life* was like her *Beauty-sweet*.
 In a strange Conflict betwixt *Hope* and *Fear*,
 To *Venus* *Guilded-Temple* doth *Repair* ;
 Where choice *Corinthian-Marble-Pillars* rise,
 Curiously fram'd after the *Dorick-guise*.
 Here he besought the *Goddeſs* for *Releife*,
 To take compaſſion on his *Youth*, and *Grief*.
 The *Gentle Queen*, unwilling to destroy
 The Expectations of the *Beauteous-Boy* ;
 Brings him *Three Golden Apples* from her *Grove*,
 And bids him fling the *Fruit* before his *Love*.
 The Youth now chearfully doth undertake
 To run the *Race*, and doth *Lifes-Jewel* stake.
 And by a *Wile fair Attalanta* stays,
 Flinging the *Golden-Apples* ſeveral ways ;
 Which when ſhe ſaw lie ſhining on the *Place*,
 She ſtoopt to take them up, and loſt the *Race*.
 By *Golden-Birdlime*, thus the *Maid* was caught,
Allur'd, and to the *Net-of-Marriage* brought.
 Such *Sacred Power* lies hidden in the *Sand*,
 That glitters on the *Fam'd Paſtolus Strand*.

Gold is the *Byas* of the *World* we see,
 And makes Men turn from all *indifferency*.
 It catches *Coyest Beauties* in its *Snare*,
 And strangely melts the *Frosty-Usurer*.
 But (ah) the careless *Youth* forgets from whom
 His *Glorious Fortune* and *Success* did come ;
 Forgets his *Sacred Goddess*, and her *Grove*,
 Forgets, She gave him both his *Life* and *Love*.
 For which neglect, the *Angry-Deity*
 Plagues him with *burning-Lust*, and *Insamy* :
 Makes him to lie with his *New-conquered-Fair*,
 In the *Old Temple* of the *God of War*.
 And *Cybele* enrag'd (as *Authors* guess)
 Changed them both for their *audaciousness*,
 Into a *Lion*, and a *Lioness*.
Ingratitude by *Devils* first came in,
 It wears the *deepest-black* of any *Sin*.
 The *Grateful-Stork*, when by a *Chance* it found,
 A *Lovely-sparkling-Gem* upon the *Ground*,
 Convey'd it to a *Maid* thar cur'd him of a *Wound*.

PRO-

P R O M E T H E U S.

The Argument.

Prometheus was the Son of Japetus, the Father of Deucalion, he was the first that made Man of Clay; Whose Wit Minerva so Admir'd, that she promis'd him any thing in Heaven that he would ask: To perfect his Work, he desired her to take him up into Heaven, and when he came there, and had looked about him, he saw all things were Animated, or had Souls, by Heavenly Fire; Therefore having a little Ferula in his Hand, he put it to the Chariot-wheel of the Sun, and being kindled, he brought Fire to the Earth, and put therewith Life and Soul into his Man that he had made of Clay; but Jupiter being

*being Angry, sent Pandora with a Box,
which after he had opened, there flew out
thence sundry-sorts of Diseases.*

SO Excellent and so Divine is Wit,
All things like Vassalage submit to it;
(Of yore) the little *Bees* kept *Holiday*,
And on the Poet-*Pindar's*-Lips did play,
Dropt *Honey* on him while he *sleeping* lay :
Sweet as those Drops here *Numbers* we should mould,
And shew fair *Helen's* Picture set in Gold.
Wit round the *Hemisphere* his *Rays* hath hurld,
And like the *Sun's* admir'd by all the World.
Even on Poor-*Lunaticks* doth *Beams* bestow,
As *Stars* enlighten Wretched *Souls* below.
Wit is the *Mirror* in *Arcadia*, -vvhere
When *Zealous-Sojourners* resorted-there.
Strangely they saw instead of their own Face,
The *Deity* they Worshipt in the Glass.
This Great-*Divinity* (as *Poets* feign)
Takes up his *Earhtly-lodging* in the *Brain* :
Where the *frail-Soul* doth wonderous *Beams* display,
(Whose *Glorious-flight* is checkt, and clog'd in *Clay*.)
In praising it we do but *Folly* show,
Wee *smooth* the *Ice*, *Perfumes* on *Violets* strow.

What

What though *Timantbes* has his *Cyclops* Drawn,
 And great *Pharrasius* counterfeited *Lawn*.
 For *Venus* (*fam'd Apelles* could not tell)
 Where to draw out, or fetch a Paralel.
 Nor we sufficient Praises can bestow,
 What *Gods* above, and *Men* affect below.
 The purest *Thoughts* are mixt vvith dull *Allays*,
 As all our *Stories* are but *gross Effays*.
 In vain at *Excellence* we reach,
 In vain (*alas*) 'tis too sublime a Pitch.
 From *Imperfektions* none are free,
 In the blest *Sun* some *Spots* there seem to be.
Perfection is a *Bird* that *Perches* high,
 Far from the *Sight* of any *Humane Eye*.
 After the greater *Worlds Epitomy*,
 Was by *Promethews* made in *Imagery*.
 As *Man* vvithin his *Mighty Cradle* lay,
 (That vvvas *Originally* made of *Clay*)
 Even vvhen the *Earably-Creature* vvanted yet,
 Both *Life* and *Motion* that doth *Hear* beget.
Minerva so admird the *Beauteous Sight*,
 (*Beauteous* as *Diamonds* in their *Native-light*)
 She promis'd that the richest *Gift* in *Heaven*,
 To the *Great Artist* should be freely giv'n.
Promethews Wittingly desires to see,
 The *Palace* of the *Radiant-Deity*.

Where all the *Gods* do on *Sweet Nectar Feast*,
 Where *Hallowed-light* is hatched in the *East*.
 Where *Stars* Ennamel all the *Firmament*.
 And serve as *Torches* to the *Omnipotent*.
 Soon did the *Wind*, and the *Obsequious Air*,
 Into the Walks of Clouds *Prometheus* bear; (face,
 Who vvondring, Views the higher Heav'ns bright-
 And through the Paths of Matter, *Maze* doth trace:
 He *Natures mighty Work* in pieces took,
 Into her *Labour*, and her *Art* did look;
 And made *Remarks*, that all he did *Admire*,
 Was *Animated* by *Celestial-Eire*.
 To Perfect therefore what he had begun,
 He lights his little *Ferul* at the *Sun*;
 And steals away to *Earth*, and doth bestow
 A *Soul* on *Man* vvhom he affected so.
 This *Curious-Workman* that vvell understood,
 To make a *Mercury* of any *Wood*,
 Taught him to sep'rate Evil-things from good.
 Imprinted soft *Impressures* like a *Seal*,
 And made him strangely *Vigorous-Motions* feel.
 As on the *Earth*, *Dews* unperceiv'd do fall,
 So *Life*, and *Wit*, and *Growth*, did steal on all.
 Thus *Man* vvith all *Choice Excellence* did shine,
 And lookt as *Bright*, as *Glorious*, and as *Fine*,
 As the *Fair-Firmament* all o're *Divine*.

And

And now he Smiles vvith *Admirable Grace*,
 The lovely *Dimples* do adorn his *Face*.
 And now all Creatures do Salute their *King*,
 Salute him as the *Flowers* the *Virgin-Spring* :
 And he to them Distributes every Way,
 Glances as *Beauteous* as the *Burnisht-Day*.
 The *Crystal Rivolets* do Glide, and Creep,
 And strive vvho first shall vvash his *Snowy-feet*.
 The jarring Winds and Waters did agree,
 And made a *Consort of Sweet-harmony* ;
 Till *Angry Jove* *Pandora* sent, vvho brought,
 A *Direful Box* vvith all *Diseases* fraught.
 Whose general *Contagion* spread like *Night*,
 That Shrouds and Muffles up the *Cheerful-Light*.
 Plagues flew like Shafts in Battel vpon *Man*,
 (As on *Callimachus* at *Marathon*.)
 So vvhen in unknown *Deserts* Wit appears,
 After some *dark* and *dimal* thousand Years :
 If once those *Gloomy Regions* lighsom grow,
 It strangely to the *Savage-Man* doth show
 So strangely, that it dazles his vvweak Eye,
 He gazes and imagines Plagues are nigh ;
 He *Curses* it too some *Remoter-shore*,
 And vvishes he may never see it more.
 Thus after all his *Care* (instead of *Gains*)
 It meets vvith *Plagues* and *Curses* for its Pains.

(*Tarquin* the Proud) did carry in his Hand,
 (For Policy not Use) a tender Wand;
 With vvich he did behead the taller-Flowers,
 As vvho should say, be jealous of Great Powers :
 And Cut them down vvwhose State ne're equals Ours. }
 Great Souls shall always dangerous Fortunes run,
 Those Birds shall be destroyd that Soar up to the Sun.
 The *Eastern-Conqueror*, vvwhose Praise and Worth,
 Fame loudly round the *Earth* did *Trumpet* forth,
 Amidst his *Early-Glories*, and *Renown*,
 He Poysoned Dies as soon as *Fate* doth *Frown*.
 Our Joys like *Ephimeras* pass away,
 Which vvhen they'r born, do live but one poor Day.
Prometheus thought that from the *Firmament*,
Minerva some *Celestial-Gift* had sent;
 But vvhen he sadly found himself beguild,
 He Mourn'd like *Phœbus* for his *Fairest-Child*.
 Mourn'd that his *Skill* had found no other Gains,
 Save those of *Plagues* for his Obliging-Pains.
 Mourn'd that he ere the *Crime* of *Knowledge* knew,
 That by his *Art* Death proud, and witty, grew.
 Thus Sorrow soon *Imbitter'd* all *Mans-State*,
 (By *Destiny* Ordain'd *unfortunate*.)
 So if a *Tree* be over-topt with spight,
 His Glory soon decayes, and withers quite.

Even the shadow of the *Thorny-Trees*,
 So forely will the gentle *Plant Oppress*.
 'Twill pine, and dye, while that doth proudly grow,
 Proudly Triumpling in poor *Mistletoe*.
 The *Aged Oak* (if *Fate* to kind won'd be,
 Might full three hundred happy *Summers* see;
 But if that *Fatal-Steel* his *Heart-strings* Wound,
 He lays his *Reverend-Head* upon the Ground:
 To Day we will suppose some Man of worth,
 The curious tender *Leaves of Hope* puts forth:
 They bud perhaps to Morrow, and do bear
 Most lovely Colours, fit for him to wear.
 And now himself with various thoughts doth please,
 Dreaming of Riches, Pleasure, and of Ease.
 The next Day comes a *Frost*, a *Killing Frost*,
 And thus his *Ripening-Hopes*, and *Joys* are lost.
 That *Happiness* there is, Men find in *Vales*,
 Content doth seat it self in lowly *Dales*;
 Out of the force of *Stormy Winds*, and *Harms*,
 Free from *Ambition*, and the noise of *Arms*. (Flowers,
 Here runs fresh cooling *Streams*, here springs sweet
 Here Heat and Cold are fenc'd with shady *Bowers*.
 Here poorest *Beggars* eat their *Beans* with *Mirth*,
 And lesser *Care*, then *Princes* of the *Earth*;
 In *Blessed-Ignorance*, and *Peace* each lives,
 Well pleas'd with whatsoever *Nature* gives.

Know-

Knowledge to some seems *Good*, to others *Evil*,
 Both *White*, and *Black*, an *Angel*, and a *Devil*.
 It is a dangerous *Tutor* full of harme,
 We find it doth consume, as well as warm.
 Of all choice *Arts*, 'tis the undoubted source,
 And has a strange prodigious powerful force.
 It strangely doth refine the *Rudest-Man*,
 (*Rude* as the *Chaos* e're the World began.)
 'Twill make a stubborn, rough *Achilles* yield,
 Tempers as hard as *Ajax* seven-fold Shield.
 But true it is, without a watchful care,
 'Twill lead the Great, and Learned, to a Snare,
 To stumble upon that which Fools beware. }
 How strangely in a blew-bleak *Winters-Night*,
 From *Moory-Grounds* doth there arise a *Light*.
 Which when the *Shepherd* spies upon the Plain, }
 Strait to his *Cot* flies the poor simple Swain ,
 And leaves it to misguide the searching Brain. }
 These *Mysteries* some abler Pen may Paint,
 Grieving, I view my Colour's Dark, and Faint.
 With tender care I touch upon its worth,
 Poor *Flint* doth only sparks of Fire send forth.

